

OLIVER WYVILL

DEFEATED.

A NEW SONG.

WHEN WYVILL slept forth for his Country's Good,
 (As HE said) his Designs were but ill understood;
 Such contempt did he show both for Power and Pelf,
 No one thought that his Views center'd all in himself.
 Derry down, &c.

So finely he talk'd and so sweetly he smil'd,
 The strong he perswaded, the weak he beguil'd;
 And hop'd, by the help of his Association,
 To rule first o'er the County and then o'er the Nation.
 Derry down, &c.

Dr. BURGH, SAWREY MORRITT were at it for ever,
 They each thought the other most damnably clever;
 But unfortunate Heroes they lost all their Pains,
 For one talk'd without Meaning, t'other heard without
 Brains.

Derry down, &c.

Elated with praise, and grown bolder at length,
 Now's the time says NOLL WYVILL, to try all our strength;
 My republican maxims I'll cram down their throats,
 And I'm sure for TWO Members they'll give me their
 Votes.

Derry down, &c.

But his Plot was discover'd, his Schemes now are known,
 And our Votes and Opinions thank God still our own;
 The Proverb applies well to you Master WYVILL,
 Set a Beggar on Horseback he'll ride to the Devil.

Derry down, &c.

